



# Surprizing Adventures

O. F.



Jack Oakum, & Tom Splicewell

19 FEB 1958

*Men, who are Fathers, live but in their People,*  
REV'D. DON. S...

*A*T the conclusion of the war, Ja-  
sailors, who had been some time  
shore, and had spent the produce  
their last voyage; after a small time  
the Wapping Landlady, who was ca-  
led Mother Double-Chalk, began not  
only to look tootly upon them, but also  
according to custom, when the  
money was gone, to behave roughly  
towards them; and they not being ca-  
pated again into any service, began  
to scheme how they should raise a sum  
of money for their present use; and  
after several proposals made between  
them, that still met some objection  
one of them at length said, "Look not so  
miserable, what think you of a trip or two  
for a change? I am thinking about  
the West Indies, and the West Indies

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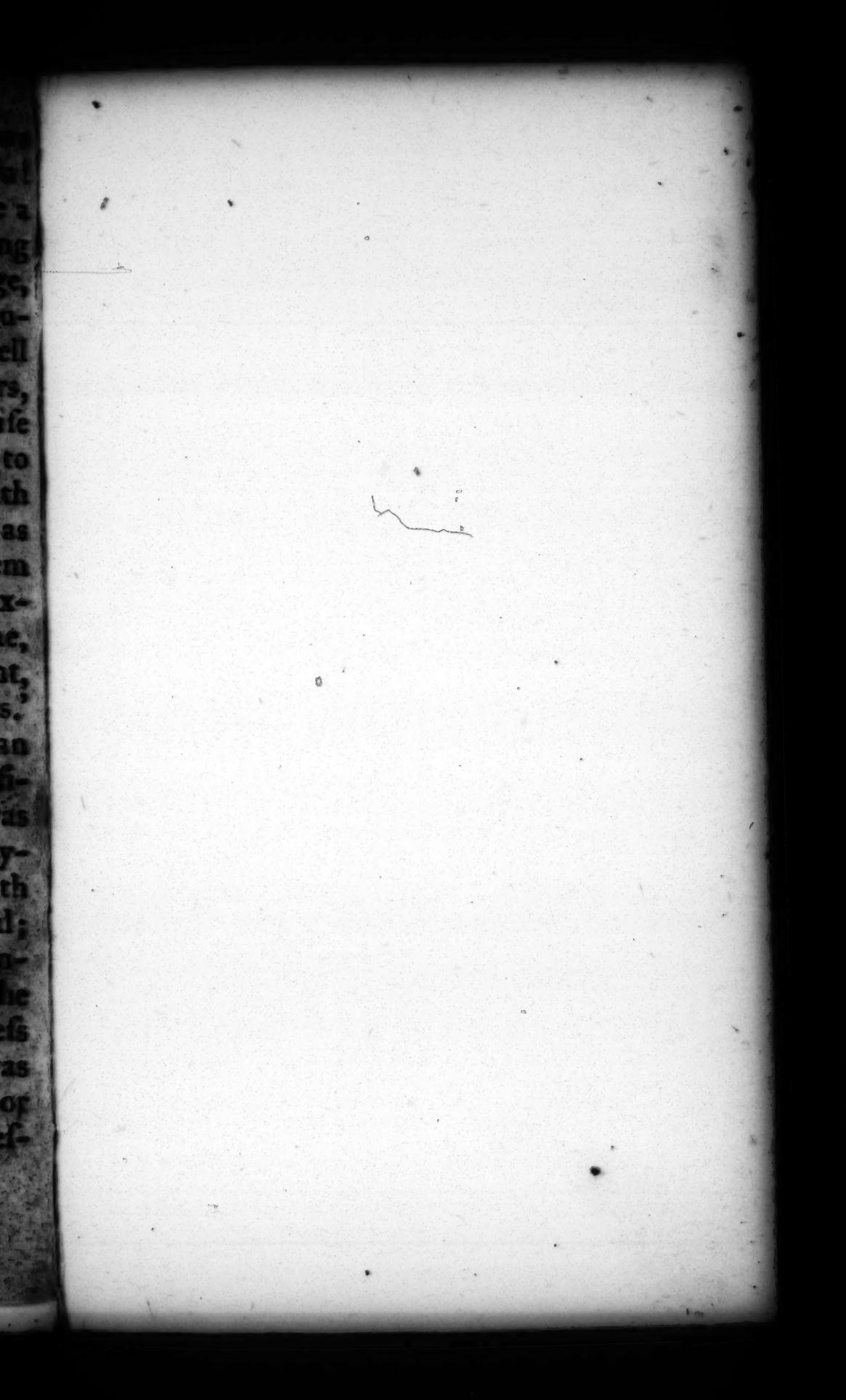
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fireing is in my eye, replied the other, but if possible we shoudl be taken. Will not a court martial bring us for private Zoons ! said the other; we must take what care we can not be taken; and be sure not to cruise out of this latitude, lest we should be known by our rigging. And if we should chance to be chased, why we must crowd all the sail we can, and be sure never to fire as long as we can swim above water.

To be brief, after some little debate, they resolved upon a venture, and out they set with no other weapons of offence, or defence, than a couple of broomsticks. And when they were got into the fields, a little way from town, one of them seeing a gentleman coming towards them, says he to the other.—  
‘ Daimme Jack ! this is a prize worth boarding : shall we bring him not he seems well rigg'd and loaded.’—  
So he does, replied the other; and with that they both made ready for the attack. And when the gentleman came up to them, they both brandished their weapons, and he, who was Commodore, saluted him as follows :—

"or else by God, you shall have  
nothing but what you have, and I am bound  
to you for my money, and language  
and all the rest, and I am going in their  
boat, and I will tell them thus:—' Well  
gentlemen, as you seem to be sailors,  
and good hearty cooks, do not use  
any violence, and you shall be welcome to  
my house. All the money I have about me, with  
which, all my heart, was it ten times as  
much.' With that he presents them  
with about three shillings and six-  
pence.—' Here, gentlemen, says he,  
is all the money I have at present,  
and I wish it was more for your sakes.'  
—The sailors, seeing the gentleman  
so good natured, seemed quite satis-  
fied; took the money; told him it was  
enough; and wished him a good voy-  
age. But they had not gone far with  
their boat, before they were pursued;  
for the gentleman telling the adven-  
ture just after, to some people that he  
met, the police was raised; and in less  
than half an hour, one of them was  
taken, the other, by some means or  
other, made his escape. The next day



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*Jack Oakley, & Tom Spilgrewell.*

fions at the Old Batter, my old Commodore was the victim of the stroke, and I entreated to be allowed to attend the simplicity of the proceeding, made many people sorry for him. After this misfortune his fellow adventurers were in great perplexity, though he had escaped himself; for no body had enquired or sought after him at once. But Jack resolved to spare no pains, if possible, to save his poor mate's life. And being one day at their rendezvous, talking about it, with another of his old shipmates, after several methods had been proposed between them, and all fell to the ground, Jack boldly cries— 'By blood, Tom, I have a good mind I'd write a letter for him to the King myself. I am told that no body else can pardon him; and I fancy that would be the most likely way to do the business; only I cannot tell who to get to carry it and deliver it to him.' — 'Good,' cries the other, 'I like your scheme, Jack! and if you can write it out, I'll go along with you and we'll get it to him to-morrow.' — 'It will be fine, then,'

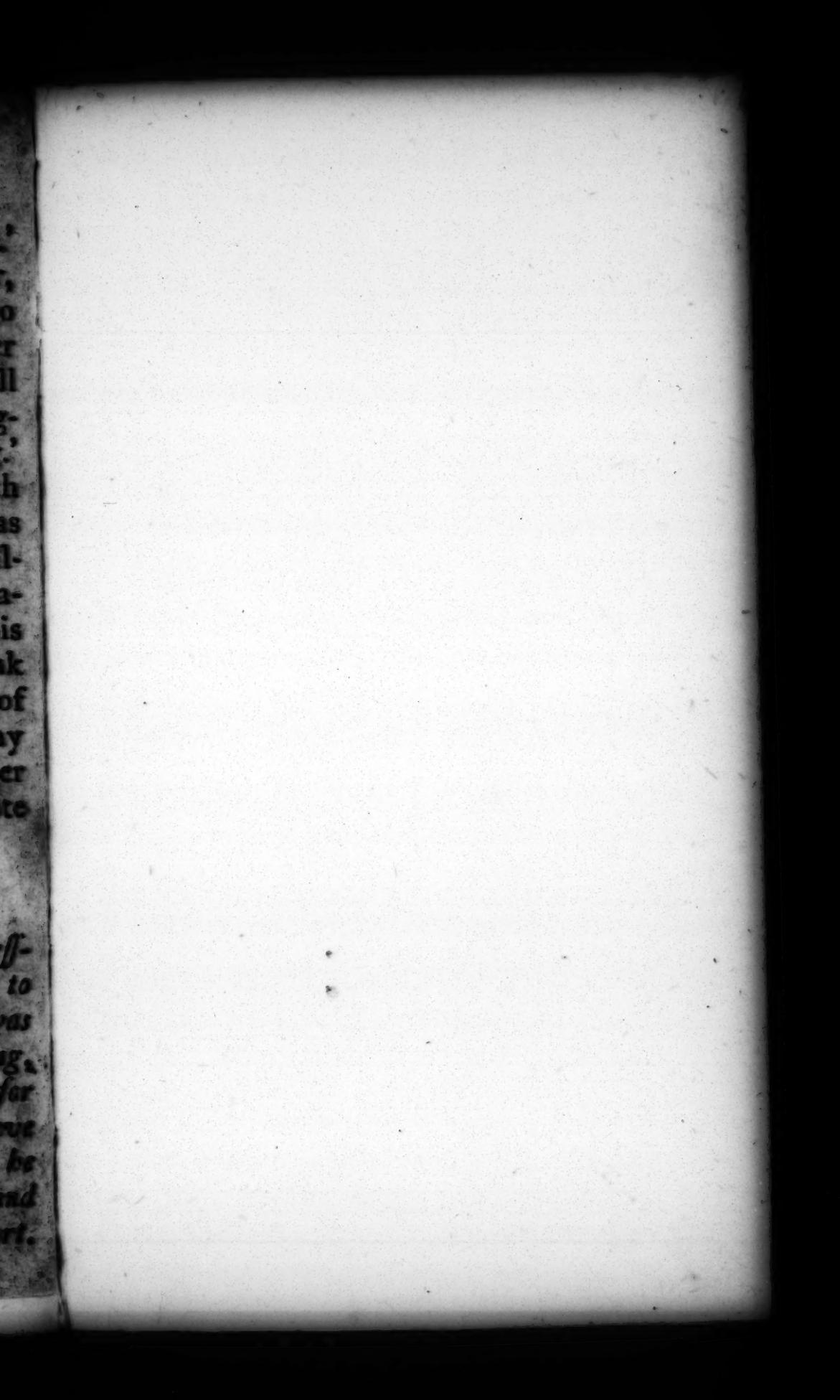
6 *The surprising Adventures of*

*'For I never saw the King in my life.'*  
— 'Nor I neither,' replies the other,  
'and by G—d Tom! if you will go  
with me to him, I will write a letter  
immediately, and by the mess, I will  
not turn my back to any man in Eng-  
land, either for writing or spelling.'

— Here, the other answering with  
an oath, that he would be as good as  
his word; and go with him. Jack cal-  
led immediately for pen, ink, and pa-  
per, but as he was going to begin his  
polite epistle, a great blotch of ink  
dropped from his pen upon the top of  
his paper. Jack never called for any  
more, but wiping it with his finger  
along the sheet, he began and wrote  
as follows:

*An please your King ship,*

*THIS is to let you know, that my mess-  
mate Tom Splotwell is condemn'd to  
be hang'd; for you must know, he was  
foolish enough to set out a privateering  
without applying to the admirality for  
leave; and the first prize he took, gave  
some intelligence of his course, so that he  
was attack'd by a large <sup>A</sup>quadron, and  
soon after taken and carried into port.*



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Jack Oakum & Tom Splicewell. 7  
However, he's a very honest fellow, I  
assure you, and by G—d as good a seaman  
as e'er kept between stem and stern. He  
will Not and Splice, Reef, and Handle  
a Sail, Steer, and Rig a Ship, with e'er  
a man in the navee: and that's a bold  
word: and if youl be so kind as to order  
his discharge, I dare fware he'll never  
be guilty of such another cryme, as long  
as he lives, which will also very much  
oblige,

your bumble servant,

J A C K O A K U M.

From the Ship Alehouse,  
in Wapping. Witness,  
THOMAS FLIPLOVE, Skipmate.

When Jack had finished the above  
letter, and the other set his hand to  
it, as a proof of his approbation, and  
the truth of its contents, they sealed  
it up and directed it as follows:

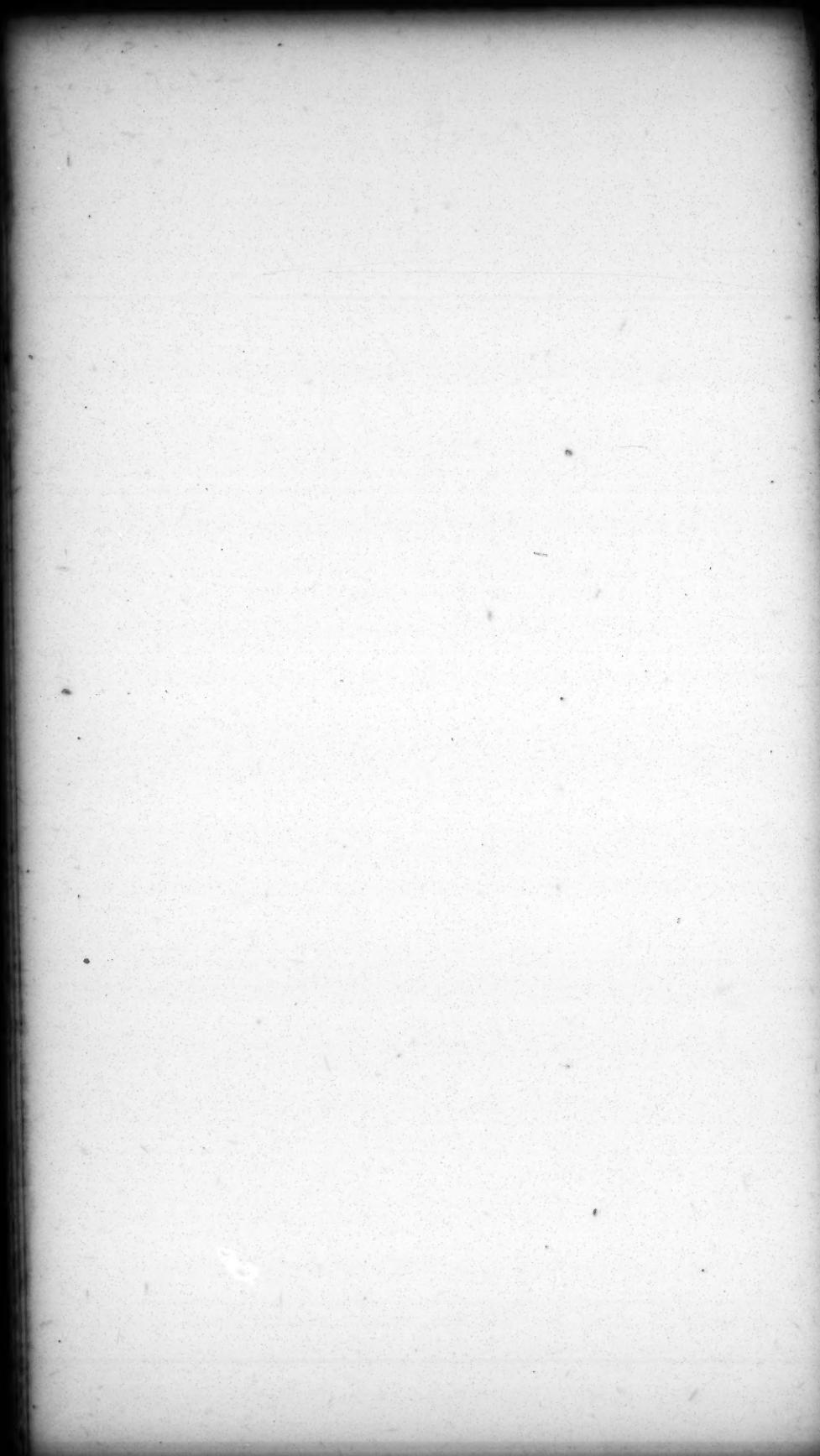
*This for the King, with speed.*

As soon as this was done, without  
further delay, out they set, to deliver  
their letter, as directed; and all the  
way they went they enquired where  
the King lived. At last when they  
came into the Strand, near Charing-

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and a sailor who has just come  
out of prison, and following them en-  
quiring for a man for the King, stepped  
up to the sailor and demanded thus:—  
“How say you, sir, what do you want  
to do with the King? pray, have you any  
letter for his Majesty? An express?  
“No, sir (answre one of them) we have  
no express, nor do we know what  
you mean; but we have got a letter  
for him and want to deliver it to him  
if we can:—What! (replies the gen-  
tleman) to the King himself, King  
himself, aye, to the King himself,  
(cries the sailor) suppose it was to  
the Lord High Admiral, what of  
that?—Why my lad, replied the gen-  
tleman. If it be a thing of con-  
fidence, you may easily see the  
King, for he is walking in the Mall,  
—I saw him there within these ten  
minutes myself.—What sir, demands  
Jack, is he walking there alone?—  
No, replies the gentleman, there are  
a great many of the nobility and gen-  
tlemen walking with him.—How may a  
man know the King? cries Jack, which  
the gentleman answers the gentleman  
knows not, but he is a very well look-

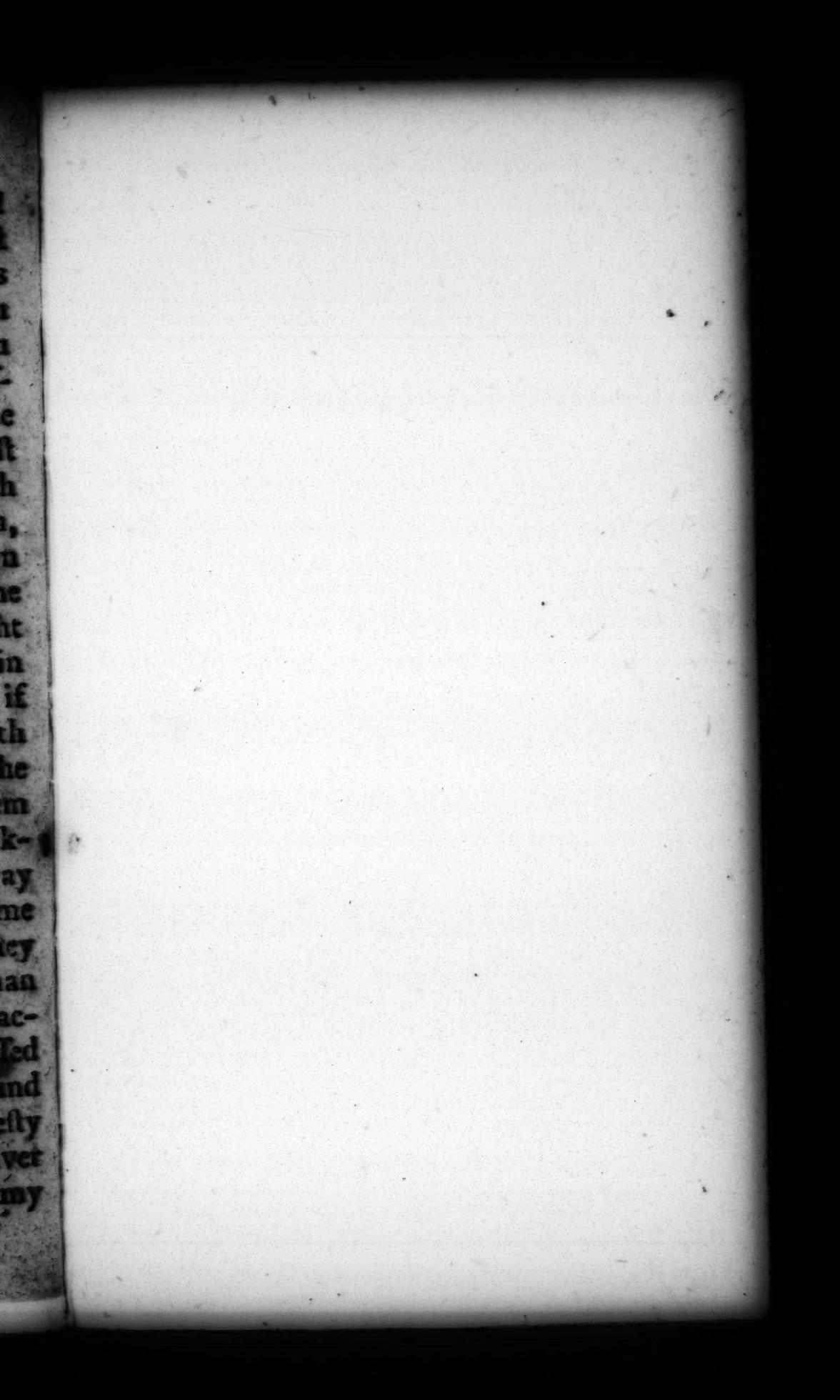
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• by a rope, and then, with a  
• ribbon hanging from his neck.

By this time, —— the sailors  
were gathered about him, ——  
hearing what had passed, —— and the gentleman, ——  
the sailors had thanked him, —— he  
screamed, —— and the mob refused to let  
them company in their embassy. —— So  
that by the time they had got to the  
park, their attendance was increased  
to several hundreds. —— But just as they  
came to the end of the Mall, —— there hap-  
pened to meet a Nobleman, —— who in  
some measure answered the description  
which the gentleman had given of the  
King, being a Knight of the Garter,  
with his star and ribbon —— Jack no  
sooner saw him, but he roared out to  
his companion —— 'By G—d Tom,  
here is the King! Now for it! —— So  
after scolding for the letter, he stepped  
up to the nobleman, —— and saluted him thus: —— 'Your humble servant, —— Sir,  
Sir, are you the King? —— No, Sir, ——  
(replied his lordship) I am not in  
deed. —— Pray, why do you ask me  
that question? —— Nay, Sir, (replied

to the surprising appearance of  
the sailor.) I beg your pardon !  
I hope no offence ! But I was told just  
now, by a gentleman, that he is  
rigged much in the same trim as you  
are ; so that I did not know but you  
might be him.—Have you any dis-  
patches for his majesty, demands the  
nobleman, that you are in such quest  
of him.—Spatches ! yes, sir, quoth  
Jack, I have ; I have a letter for him,  
and I must deliver it into his own  
hands, if I can find him.'—The  
nobleman imagining that there might  
be something more than common in  
this rencounter, told them, that if  
they pleased he would go back with  
them, and not only shew them the  
King, but would also introduce them  
to him. Upon which the sailors thank-  
ed him for his good-will, and away  
they went together. When they came  
to about the middle of the Mall, they  
met his Majesty ; and the nobleman  
going up to him, in a low voice, ac-  
quainted him with what had passed  
between him and the sailors ; and  
pointing to them, desired his Majesty  
would please to permit them to deliver  
their letter to him.—By all means, my



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Jack Oakum, & Tom Sprout. 'My  
lord, replied the King.—With that he  
beckoned the sailors to approach.—  
‘Here, my lads, says his lordship,  
‘this is his majesty, if you have any  
letter for him, you may deliver it.’  
—Here Jack advanced, with his hand  
to his hat, but without pulling it off,  
and having come pretty near the King,  
said to him, —‘Pray, Sir, are you the  
King?—Yes, Sir, answered his Majes-  
ty smiling, I believe so—Then Sir,  
says Jack, there’s a letter for you  
and please you.’—The King look-  
ing hard at the fellow, could not  
smile at his blunt uncouth ap-  
pears; but he took the letter, and look-  
ing upon the superscription, fell a-  
laughing, and shewed it all round to  
the nobles that attended him. Jack  
seeing the King look so pleasantly, says  
to his shipmate, —‘by G—d, Tom,  
I believe it will do; the King seems  
in a very good humour.’—And when  
his Majesty had read the letter, he de-  
livered it to the nobleman who intro-  
duced the sailor to him.—‘Look here,  
my lord, says he, read that letter  
and learn a new diction. Upon my  
honour, this fellow has no decent

The surprising Abrenging of  
him; I dare say it is his own hand  
writing, and his own dictating too.  
However this I may say to his cred-  
it, that his style and behaviour are  
both honest towards me; for he hath  
neither troubled me with compli-  
ments in the one, or ceremonies in  
the other.—So, turning to the sailor,  
he said to him who gave him the let-  
ter, " Well friend, as this is the first  
offence, (upon the account of your  
good letter here) you may let your  
man know, that I will pardon him  
this time; but let him take care that  
he never transgresses so again." —  
" A'nt please you Sir; (quoth Jack) I  
dare say he never will; and if you  
will take care that he shall not be  
hanged this time, I'm sure Tom's a  
very honest fellow, and will be very  
thankful to you — Well, said his Ma-  
jesty, you may assure yourself that  
he shall not die for this time, and  
you may let him know that I shall  
spare his life; for the sake of your  
good letter here." — " Aye, Sir, said the sailor,  
but can how may a body be sure that you  
will not forget it?" — " Why replied  
the King, you may take my word for

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“Jack O’lawn, & Tom Splicer” —  
“it, I will not forget it.” — “Cawle, if  
you should, quoth Jack, perhaps they  
may hang him, and you never be  
the wiser. But if once we should get  
him a shipboard with us, by the  
blood! but you must then ask the  
Captain first, or a thousand of you  
could not hang him.” — “Why then,  
replied the King, if you will take care  
care and get him a shipboard as soon  
as he is at liberty, I will take care  
he shall be discharged in a very few  
days.” — Sir replied the sailor, I  
turn your Kinghip a great many  
thanks; and I am sure poor Tom will  
be ready to hang himself for joy that  
he is to go on board again; and by  
the mesf! there is no good to be got  
staying so long on shore.” — So, he  
made the King a low bow, hitches up  
his trowters, tacked himself about,  
and steered off in triumph, that a  
polite letter had saved his undignified  
life. And the story says, that the King  
and his attendants, were no less grieved  
at the poor sailors embay, than they were with the success of it.

THE END.

# MERRY REVENGE,

• R,

## JOE'S STOMACH IN TUNE.

*One imposition's like a bow that's bent,  
To swing an arrow with an ill intent;  
Which being stopt, the impenetrable mark,  
Rebounds it back and wounds the marksman's heart.*

ANONYM.

There are a sort of trades-people in the world, so selfish, and so ignorant, that they vainly imagine ailling extorted, or imposed, and extraordinarily put into the pocket, is all clear gains and good management; not considering that the smallest imposition may be liable to ruin their reputation for the future; and that a man may easier gain an ill repute than recover a good one. He that would make a fortune by public business, had much better under-sell than over-reach, for as much as the one brings custom to the shop, the other drives away. No man will patiently brook an imposition; nor do all men resent an affront alike. However it behoves every

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person, whose livelihood depends on the public, to be very tender how they offend them. — The following story is a true instance of a merry revenge upon one of these penitarians, and the affair happened as follows.

Two merchants agreed, one Sunday in the spring, to take a ride ten or twelve miles out of town, and to dine at some ordinary in the country. Accordingly they pitched upon some village in Essex, where there was a two-penny ordinary every Sunday; it happened, that after they were come to the house, and had acquainted the landlord that they intended to dine with him, that one of them was taken ill of a sudden, so that when dinner was brought upon the table, the gentleman could not bear the smell of it; but soon after growing something better, he ordered some wine to be made hot for him, with an egg beaten in it, and which soon recovered him. An hour or two after this, the gentleman being again pretty well, took his glass and drank a bowl of hot punch together and at last called for the reckoning; the landlord, out of his penitance

their hands, the time of his or-  
igin, which he never tired of  
telling all the rest, with a smiling  
countenance which says the gentleman,  
"I am charged with a fault, but the ent-  
ire blame of it rests with you, for you eat-  
ed me out of house and home."—However fat-  
igued you are, you can have no excuse near  
me. I cannot help that, sir, re-  
plies the gentleman, you said you came  
to dinner, and had a knife and  
fork with you, and there was  
no one to wait upon you, so that if you did  
not eat, there was no fault of  
mine, for you were in the same company,  
and I should have been as well pleased  
if you had eaten a hearty dinner,  
as anyone at all; it makes no difference  
to me, and I must not break through  
the established custom.—Very well,  
says the gentleman, if it be an estab-  
lished custom, I do not desire you so  
much as to crack upon my account.  
—They paid their reckoning, and  
the waiter said, "Good-morn'-g'-ing, sir, well  
met with you this morning, and with their  
best regards to your wife."—On which when they  
had gone, the husband, home again, said,

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—*Old, Standard Times.*  
one of them, I have a thought  
into my head, that if it be put in execu-  
tion I fancy we may pay him  
his own coin, and perhaps it may  
a means of amending his mind  
the sooner.—What is it I desire  
other.—Why, replies the other, we  
we bring our Joe, the parson, to  
there next Sunday? Joe has the  
racter of an eight or nine pence  
upon occasion, and is a very  
kind of a fellow into the bargain.  
Egad, (says the other,) you  
have thought of a better plan?—Joe  
is capable of giving us a halfpenny  
the landlord should make us pay  
fasting; I'll go half with the  
rest of the day with all my heart, and let's  
inform him of the time to-morrow,  
that he may have time to make up  
par himself.—All this time the  
one between them, Joe and the  
old man, was a secret  
very joyful with the thought of a  
fine count—till he recollects  
that he has not a shilling  
about him.

18. *The Merry Revenger, or,*  
and took two friends more  
with them, to partake of the sport.  
—Well, says one of them as they  
were going along, I hope Joe, your  
stomach is in good order.—Egad,  
says Joe, I must have a piece  
of bread and cheese presently, to keep  
the wind out of my stomach, or else  
I shall not be able to eat two pounds  
of meat at time dinner is ready.—Ay,  
says the gentleman; thou shalt  
have what thou wilt to eat and drink,  
so that you take care not to spoil your  
appetite till you come there; but be  
sure you don't call any of us master,  
but call us by our names, just as free  
as we do you, for to day we are all  
upon one footing. But, above all, be  
sure not to rise from the table hungry.  
Thus they went on diverting them-  
selves with the thoughts of approach-  
ing revenge; and Joe, to put his sto-  
mach in fine, slopped two or three  
mugs before they came there, and  
snapped up a pound of bread and  
cheese, and a tankard of beer, and  
then he said he was right. When  
they came there, they acquainted the  
landlord they were come to dine with



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him, so putting their horses up, they all walked about the garden till dinner was ready, when Joe mounted the stage, without the least regard to either fear or mercy. The first thing that came upon the table was a dish of soup; Joe chose not any of that; he said it was too watery, and had no substance in it, but there being some nine or ten people more, besides the five, the soup was pretty well finished, and then comes a hunk of boiled beef, with carrots and greens; Joe fastens on this, and at the first stroke he cuts off a slice all round the whole piece, full two inches thick; and because it was too broad for his plate, he divided it in four quarters, and began to lay about him with a vengeance, saying, there was some meaning in a good piece of beef, and the first piece he put in his mouth, he swore it was very good, and he believed he should make his dinner do't. The company were all amazed when they looked upon his plate, and saw how he shovelled it into his mouth, and began to carve for the rest as fast as they could, without

THE MARRIAGE OF  
JOE AND MARY.

of them are comestral; but  
the others began themselves  
before Joe's plate is empty, who  
had time to whet his knife for a second  
; he hawls the dish to him, and  
lays it on his plate again with another  
; and so he did inferior to his first,  
and so he Maritzed them all more than  
he had done before; but one of his  
companions asking him, if he would  
not help himself to some greens or  
carrots, he replied, they are too win-  
dow, and only serve to blow up the sto-  
mach: there's no substance in them:  
When the under-therer ran down stairs  
to his master as hard as he could  
drive, and says, says he, there's a  
man above stairs, that has eat above  
half the bullock of beef himself al-  
ready, and there is not above a pound  
and an half of it left in the dish: he  
had not time to his mouth at tho' he  
had not time to his mouth. Zounds, quoth  
the under-therer, up the breast or veal  
I'll have you can for your life, and  
I'll have you when's left: so away  
he goes to the kitchen, to take a view of  
the kitchen, but by that time  
the master had cleared up

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the place, and the landlord, who had been up early, and had a full meal of oatmeal and the like, had gone to the oast-house to have a draught of beer, (for there was not much beer left,) and had taken full hold of the bottle, and swore a great oath that he had not half dined, and when he had whipped off the remains of the boiled beef upon his own plate, and had a draught of that, the master of the house, who was a very corpulent man, and had given a hearty welcome to his wife, with a very hearty kiss, and a hearty embrace, and throwing her into a chair, and then, looking at the dish that the buttock of beef was in, and then at the bottle, and then again at the dish, he swore a great oath there would not be a morsel of victuals left for the family to dine on; so we be wretched again to be a woful spectator of Joe's wonderful performance; but now Joe, being pretty well choyed of the beef, began to lie by a little, and called for something to drink. By and-by, one of the company demanded of the landlord, what there was left for dinner? He replied, with a faint voice, gentlemen, I have nothing else but a boiled plumb pudding; I did not expect so much good company to day, (and he did not then continue he with a sigh, (and he did not then continue he with a sigh,) at the same time very hard upon the floor.

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“I would really have you eat something more.—No, no, replied Joe, it is very well we can make shift well enough; and I am very glad you have got a plum-pudding, with all my heart, for I am fond of all sorts of pudding.—What then, says one of the gentlemen, won’t you taste the veal, sir?—“I will not,” replies Joe, “it is but a small piece of food, I had rather stay here and eat the pudding.—The rest of the company, having had but a very small morsel of the beef, and now almost ended the veal, when the pudding made its appearance; and the landlord going to take of the small remnant that was left, Joe, who had fixed his Argus eyes upon it, stabs his fork fast into it, crying out, hold landlord, you shall not say but I’ll taste it however, else perhaps you may be affronted, and when I am gone say I was nice, and could not eat roast veal.—So there was the third dish emptied, and all the company was much amazed, and stared at Joe, as tho’ he had been the greatest prodigy in nature.—But here Joe, being a little cloyed called for a bumper of red wine,

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admired as a prodigious drinker.

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